

K. Wernington (W.)  
2  
TRANSLATOR'S DEFENCE,

OR

THE MAN OF NATURE,

A NOVEL,

FROM THE

GERMAN OF MILTENBERG,

AGAIN REVIEWED.

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" ——— juvat ire jugis," &c. &c.  
(quod respice).

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[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]



LONDON:

*Published for use of the Holders of the original Edition;  
by whom this pamphlet may be had (gratis) on ap-  
plication to Mess. ROBINSON, Mess. CADELL and  
DAVIES, Mr. STOCKDALE, or Mr. BOWYER.*

PRINTED BY E. HILDYARD, FETTER LANE.

DECEMBER, 1799.



THE FOLLOWING

## STRICTURES

*are selected, as those, from amid others, the most  
deserving a publick attention:*

BRITISH CRITIC.

“ WE have often observed that few, very few indeed, of the translations from the German, seem, in our judgment, at all likely to benefit the cause of morality, or to form any desirable addition to the literature of our country. The present publication is marked by the greatest extravagance and improbability, and is, in many places, highly offensive to delicacy. Yet we will not pretend to deny the author the praise of considerable ingenuity, and of a variety of well-contrived incidents. This commendation however is confined to the original author; the translation is very exceptionable. Mr. Wennington is probably a foreigner, and this circumstance alone can excuse innumerable errors in style and phraseology. Various words occur, which our language disowns, and which are too frequent for specification. Why the work was translated we can hardly imagine, unless it were by way of exercise to an individual desirous of becoming an adept in the German language, and in our own.”

## COMMERCIAL AND AGRICULTURAL REVIEW.

“IF ever a fair female reader, in the families  
 “of our rural friends, shall deign to glance upon  
 “these pages; we shall beg leave to inform her,  
 “that of all the novels we have lately perused, the  
 “MAN of NATURE is one of the most innocent and  
 “the most pleasing; that of all our late translations  
 “from the German, it is, perhaps the best; and that  
 “though Mr. WENNINGTON might have spared his  
 “notes, and some occasional affectations of style,---he  
 “deserves our best thanks both for selecting this  
 “volume for translation, and for executing his task so  
 “well.”



## WEEKLY REVIEW; OR, LITERARY JOURNAL.

“VERY pompously has this German novel been an-  
 “nounced to the public, while translating. It ap-  
 “pears, at length, printed on a most excellent paper,  
 “with a tolerable type, and delicately hot-pressed.  
 “These are charms of no little value, to those who  
 “purchase books without any inclination to read  
 “them; and to such alone can we conscientiously  
 “recommend the present performance. We say this  
 “with the less reluctance, as a respectable list of sub-  
 “scribers may possibly have reimbursed the Transla-  
 “tor; who, certainly, whatever may be his know-  
 “ledge of the German language, is but little qualified  
 “to write English. It is time to speak plain\*; for

\* Our critick intended to have written plainly, and to have  
 inserted plain amongst the vulgarisms at the end of his strictures  
 by way of partnership. T.

“ this

“ this gentleman informs us, at the end of his work,  
 “ that he is ‘ preparing for the press, and for speedy  
 “ publication, Minor Poems and Essays.’ If this  
 “ be true, and he is \* not incorrigible, we advise him  
 “ to apply instantly for assistance to some of the many  
 “ hundred † ingenious men who may be found suffi-  
 “ ciently at leisure to afford him what he so much  
 “ needs on reasonable terms. We have not the  
 “ smallest knowledge of Mr. Wennington; but in-  
 “ cline to think, if he be, in reality, a native of this  
 “ country, he is a very young man, of some reading,  
 “ who has been too much abroad to have duly culti-  
 “ vated his mother-tongue. Affectation, vulgarity,  
 “ gross error, and total want of taste, are every where  
 “ discernible: yet, amidst the confusion which these  
 “ create, may be discerned some gleams of good sense  
 “ beyond what might be suspected by a superficial  
 “ observer; and manifesting, perhaps, in some degree,  
 “ the gleams ‡ even of genius, labouring for ex-  
 “ pression. This is a state on which we cannot bring  
 “ our minds to look with indifference. We shall,  
 “ therefore, add no more pang§ to a man §, probably,  
 “ of much feeling; who has had an irregular or im-  
 “ perfect education; and been induced, unadvisedly,  
 “ too soon to commit his writings to the press.

\* [be] *Remember it is the author who speaks, and not his character: the language of an author ought, always, to be correct: that of his characters may, very frequently, be otherwise, and as far as he is concerned, adviseably so, because natural.* T.

† Hundreds of ingenious men. T.

‡ Gleams manifesting other gleams. T.

§ He means to those of a man. T.

"This German novel, the Translator asserts, 'un-  
 "accountable as it may appear,' was purchased at  
 "a bookseller's shop, 'the proprietor whereof, a poor  
 "devil, possessed, for his sum total in trade, a single  
 "book.' Though the name of Miltenberg ap-  
 "pears in the title-page, the work is supposed by  
 "some to be a production of Aug. La Fontaine. The  
 "original, viewed through the disadvantages of such  
 "a translation as we have described, is by no means  
 "destitute of imagination; and worse novels have  
 "certainly been translated, and sometimes admired.  
 "The author is in the school of Rousseau\*, but not of  
 "the highest class.

"Lord Hillnet, an English nobleman, disgusted  
 "with the world, by false friendship, female infidelity,  
 "and the ingratitude of courts, secludes himself from  
 "society, and brings up his son William as a Pupil  
 "of Nature. The wild ideas of this young man; and  
 "his amours, terminated by his union with a Child of  
 "Nature, the daughter of an oriental recluse, whom  
 "he brings, with her parents to England; form the  
 "subject matter of this novel. The first interview of  
 "the children of nature will afford a favourable speci-  
 "men of the work; in which we need not point out,  
 "to any intelligent reader, the imperfections of the  
 "Translator."

\* The students who once rallied upon the forms of Rousseau's  
 school, appear to be better known to this gentleman than to the  
 Translator: perhaps, amongst them, may have been some to whom  
 Miltenberg might stoop; but, as Dibdin has observed, speaking  
 of Honour,

"I only say I couldn't find it!"

would this gentleman put upon a par with *der Natur Mensch* the  
*Nouvelle Heloise* of their great prototype himself? T.

He,

He, next, quotes from page 378. l. 5. bottom, to the end of Section XLI, and, then, proceeds:

“As the above very favourable extract, notwithstanding it's imperfections, might not seem to warrant sufficiently what we have remarked as to vulgarity, &c. we must, with all our tenderness for the translator, remember what is due to the public and ourselves. We shall, therefore, conclude with a few indisputable instances, selected at random.”

“He loved Fanny better than all the world; and the father's objections, whether to the *filliness* of her dress, her *apple-pye* behaviour,” &c.

“*Fat chops* wrapt his night-gown closely about him,” &c.

“The officer *scowled* away, *growling* in the gizzard.”

“He *jabbered* a parcel of confused stuff”

“My dearest Fanny, let us make of them a *set* of worthy *Englanders*.”

“The parson's wig *twittered* with amazement, at seeing such a troop of folks *galloping biggledy-piggledy*.”

“Should this gentleman persist in bringing out his proposed work, we hope he will appear to more advantage as an original writer than he does as a translator.”

✍ This publication, by whose ingenuity the Translator has been so copiously honoured, he understands extended to three numbers only, yielding, too soon, alas, to the inexorable sheers! he may therefore consider as a fortunate circumstance to have stepped in, precisely, in the nick of time.

## NEW LONDON REVIEW.

*✍ It is to the Editor bereof I have confined the principal of these observations; for, of the rest, it is probable they will no further interest the reader than in provoking a smile at their contrastedness; a sneer at licentious effrontery, or at an excess of adulation, uncourted, and unwished. T.*

“THE author of this curious and interesting novel  
 “is, as the translator justly observes, a genius of no  
 “ordinary class. He appears to have carefully studied  
 “the primary affections of the heart, unmixed with  
 “the refinements of polished society, and unpolluted  
 “by the corruptions of worldly depravity. But, how-  
 “ever accurate his conception of natural feeling may  
 “have been, it remained for him to make human  
 “action strictly conformable to that conception. A  
 “more arduous task could not well be imagined, and  
 “the ‘Man of Nature’ is the result of his labours.

“Lord Hilnett, the father of the hero of the novel,  
 “had been betrayed by the friend whom he raised to  
 “honour and opulence, and grossly injured by a bro-  
 “ther for whom he entertained the purest affection.  
 “Disgusted with the world, he resigned his employ-  
 “ments at court, and retired to his paternal estate to  
 “enjoy, in the company of his wife, a beautiful  
 “woman, that peace of mind which he could no  
 “longer find in society. The offspring of their union  
 “was William; but while his Lordship indulged in  
 “the rapturous conviction of a felicity at once mutual  
 “and

“ and complete, he is abandoned by his wife, who  
 “ elopes with an adventurer, and attempts to blast  
 “ her husband’s character by tales of the foulest  
 “ slander.

“ Lord Hilnett becomes a confirmed misanthropist,  
 “ and determines to seclude himself from mankind.  
 “ He accordingly retires to a solitary vale on his estate,  
 “ accompanied by one faithful servant, and resolves,  
 “ by a new mode of living and education, to make his  
 “ son William, then an infant three years old, a *man*  
 “ of *nature*. The conduct of the father and son in this  
 “ sequestered retreat, and the adventures of William  
 “ after his escape from it until his marriage, which are  
 “ various and striking, employ the talents of the  
 “ author in exemplifying his favourite object of con-  
 “ trasting the general manners of social life with the  
 “ pure effusions of nature.

“ The plot, fanciful as it is, affords abundant matter  
 “ for deep research into the nature of the human mind,  
 “ and leads to an extensive field of moral speculation.  
 “ The reader is left at full liberty to deduce inferences  
 “ from the various combinations of ideas which are  
 “ introduced in the work, and it might be hazardous  
 “ in us to anticipate what belongs more to long and  
 “ serious contemplation than to concise remark. The  
 “ incidents are lively and varied. They are, indeed,  
 “ occasionally brought forward with a boldness that  
 “ ‘laughs to scorn’ the creeping and common-place  
 “ formalities of ordinary life. Yet, with all their  
 “ defects in point of regularity, probability, and con-  
 “ nection, we feel no hesitation in preferring them to  
 “ the

“ the modern salmagundi of spectres, necromancers,  
 “ and prodigies, and the ridiculous tales of knight-  
 “ errantry and Gothic barbarism, that were in repute  
 “ only when learning was despised and the arts were  
 “ oppressed and banished.

“ The author has certainly exerted his talents with  
 “ success in giving a finished picture of William Hill-  
 “ nett; but the necessary relation that should exist  
 “ between him and the other characters has not been  
 “ sufficiently attended to. The chief merit of the  
 “ novel consists both in the description and imitation  
 “ of genuine passion; but the description is often  
 “ languid, while the imitation is pure and animated.

“ We cannot suffer the liberties, which the translator  
 “ has assumed in the execution of his task, to pass  
 “ without our most unqualified reprobation. He tells  
 “ us that the language of the German writer is  
 “ ‘glaringly bounded,’ and that he has, therefore,  
 “ been obliged to hazard a variety of *new, obsolete,*  
 “ and *provincial* modes of diction, to adorn the  
 “ production with a diversity of style. We readily  
 “ admit, that, without a judicious diversity of lan-  
 “ guage, the most interesting story must, in a great  
 “ measure, become dull and spiritless. But the co-  
 “ piousness\* of the English language, in its purest state,

\* *This is taking for granted what I strenuously contest; what I have already, by examples, (but in an essay at present unpublished) contested, and the contrary whereof I hope to demonstrate, that both the English language, and most other languages, are not sufficiently copious; and that, to defect in copiousness, exclusively of many other points, much of that ambiguity in sense, discernible in the very best writers, is owing.* T.

“ would

“ would certainly have been adequate to the under-  
 “ taking. To introduce new terms without the  
 “ sanction of a great authority in the republic of let-  
 “ ters, is a presumptuous innovation and a dangerous  
 “ precedent; to revive obsolete words, tends to the  
 “ destruction of that true taste in composition which  
 “ was established by the discontinuance of them; and  
 “ to adopt provincial modes of diction, must, by  
 “ preferring particulars to generals, produce obscurity  
 “ and confusion. Translation is of itself attended with  
 “ so many bad consequences, that no apology can be  
 “ offered for Mr. Winnington’s conduct in the in-  
 “ stances to which we have alluded. Our greatest  
 “ philologist has justly observed, that ‘ no book was  
 “ ever turned from one language into another with-  
 “ out imparting something of its native idiom;’  
 “ and if to this unavoidable evil we add new, obsolete,  
 “ and provincial modes of diction, the whole fabric  
 “ of the language may be ultimately overturned by  
 “ such excessive liberties.

“ Notwithstanding these abuses, which appear to  
 “ have been hazarded by Mr. Winnington as so many  
 “ experiments, the general merits of the translation  
 “ are considerable.

“ His notes are remarkable for the freedom with  
 “ which the faults of his author are pointed out and  
 “ censured; but we are not always inclined to agree  
 “ with him in the severity of his observations.

“ The work is elegantly printed; and a few copies,  
 “ independently of those subscribed for, we are in-  
 “ formed by a note of the translator, may be had of  
 “ Messrs. Robinson, Cadell and Davies, Stockdale,  
 “ and Bowyer.”

## MONTHLY MIRROR.

“THAT a perusal of this work, in the original German, should have induced Mr. Wennington to render it into English, is by no means matter of astonishment, for we have seldom met with a more singularly interesting production.

“The father of William, (the hero) having experienced unkindness from a friend, whom he had raised from adversity to honour, secludes himself from society, to enjoy the comforts of domestic bliss in the bosom of his wife. William is their offspring, and, when the father is flattered, with the fond hope of mutual bliss, in the comforts of a son, the wife elopes with another, and attempts, by every artifice of detraction, to blast her husband's fair fame for ever. With a mind worn down by the ingratitude of his wife, he quits his abode for a more sequestered spot, accompanied by his son, and a servant in whom he can confide; and he resolves to educate William a MAN OF NATURE, who was at that time but three years old. The object of the author is evidently to establish the superiority of man, educated in a state of natural society, to that which he receives in a life of polish and refinement. The incidents are very interesting. The character of William is delineated very powerfully indeed; and his adventures, from the moment of his retreat with his father, until his marriage with an amiable woman, are singular and affecting.

“The translator has a strong claim upon our thanks for this production, and if his *notes* now and then exhibit pedantry and affectation, it would be unkind, upon the whole, to withhold from him our decided approbation.”

\* \* \* *As the letter which follows, may, in some measure, be said to usher forwards the subject, I have judged proper to give it insertion:* T.

“ To ———, Esq.

“ SIR,

Nov. 8, 1799.

“ A few weeks ago I did myself the  
 “ honour of sending you a small publication from the  
 “ German, and I beg leave, through your means, to  
 “ express my thanks to the Criticisers in the *New Lon-*  
 “ *don Review* for the notice they have taken of it. In  
 “ their strictures upon the Author, *Miltenberg*, they  
 “ have my unqualified concurrence, and, indeed, I  
 “ scarcely think it possible, in the same compass of  
 “ words, to have met my ideas better. With respect  
 “ to particular phrases in the translation, I well remark  
 “ the excessive censure they have received, though  
 “ not from all, yet, from various quarters; but am  
 “ sorry to say that my sentiments, after considera-  
 “ tion not only severe but incessant, continue entirely  
 “ heretical. Time, Sir, which fosters, which matures:  
 “ which has often stamped with legitimacy the deserted  
 “ child of adventure: which has, sooner or later,  
 “ operated as the test of truth or of prejudices, of what  
 “ is natural or what is affected: will determine upon  
 “ our pretensions, and I am,

“ With much respect, &c.

“ THE TRANSLATOR.”

## P R O Ë M.

IT was not, originally, my intention to have troubled the Publick with any *defence* of this book, believing it, if not in the present moment (when reflection might be operose, unwelcome, or prematurely urged) yet, in one at no great distance, sufficiently able to work out its salvation\*. I had, besides, pledged myself, from a persuasion that labours, howsoever cautiously attended to, are seldom or never free from abundant error, to sustain the corrective hand without murmuring. I repeat the promise; but I, at the same time, desire to insinuate, that correction is *not* massacre; and that I look upon myself as absolved from obedience, when is proposed to be substituted a punishment wholly transcending the crime; the *axe* of the Liçtor, for the *twigs*.

The laws of criticism, similarly with other laws, may be considered as essential blessings, when directed by extensive minds, or as detestable evils, when under the actuation of the shallow or the malevolent speculatist.

With the many, and the different, views of flattering the idle, of amusing the busy, and enlightening

\* “ — quod, optanti, divûm promittere nemo  
“ *Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit, ultro!*”

*It is scarcely three months since the first appearance of this novel, yet, already, I have had occasion to observe several of its peculiarities in idiom adopted, and by writers of not the meanest order.*

the

the uninstructed, the *beauties*, as they are stiled, of Authors, have been dragged from their respective works, and exhibited as a concentrating focus of whatsoever is luminous or whatsoever is ardent. That these *beauties*, indeed, have *principally* been chosen from Authors who no longer exist, is indisputable; and, had they been *entirely* so, the present attempt, wherein presumption, not unmixed perhaps with a few streaks of resentment, has no doubt its share, would certainly have been suppressed.

It is, however, time to set about an enquiry whether the contemptuous strictures of certain persons arrogating to themselves the title of *Reviewers*, be founded in wisdom or in justice, or be the offspring of low malignity and of confirmed ignorance. Under this impression, and for the advantage both of the present and future generations with whom, probably, the inconvenience of *daring to think*, or *daring to feel*, might be increased by the lecture of *such* criticisms, the passages now pointed out are submitted; and, as the gauntlet is thrown, fearless, down, it is demanded that a selection be given, *individually*, of an equal number of sentences in an equal extent of pages, that, in competition, shall obscure, or even greatly excel.

I wish not to be misunderstood: vanity is, I confess, a foolish quality, anger a pernicious one: there are, of these, notwithstanding, shades; and both of them are, I fear, more frequent inmates than will at first be acknowledged; they will, moreover, with the judicious, be constantly apportioned by the *quantities* of the aggression, and by the *principles* of the aggressor.

To undermine a rooted prejudice is an arduous undertaking; to make a single proselyte, by no means exempt from difficulty: small is the number of readers of *novels*, I imagine, who have looked for much beyond an easy entertainment, in them, or, if *any* species of knowledge, that only which is termed a knowledge of men and manners; yet, I would gladly think, that something more is within the sphere of capability: whether, in my sequestered endeavours, I have been fortunate enough to have proved this, I may, indeed, have wished, but wishes are not, invariably, the harbingers of success, and determination is the undoubted province of another.

The book having stimulated curiosity, aroused unbelief, or enforced conviction, each perhaps in turn, contrariety of sentiment has been the reasonable result, and it has been judged adviseable to exhibit, *in the language of the writers themselves*, the bearing-places upon which, with the analogy of keystones to an arch, their various opinions have rested.

Language is good, or is bad, in proportion to its effects: the grovelling and the elevated, therefore, being merely comparative, are of equal use, provided their respective introductions be of equal propriety: no writer of judgment ever yet attempted to engraft the strains of *epick* on those of a *last dying speech*, or of a *moving copy of a letter*; nor ever yet characterized a good natured *Punch*, or an ill natured *Critick*, in those of Thomson's *Hymn*, or of Milton's *Lycidas*.

We must, I believe, admit, that the ear, jointly with its sister organs of sensation, is sometimes alarmed upon

upon grounds it ought not to be: we listen with complacency to the expression "*let it remain*," while that of "*suffer it remain*" would startle: we would, by no suggestion, approve "*let it to remain*\*,<sup>\*</sup>" although "*suffer it to remain*" depend upon a construction of precise affinity: but a period may arrive when these, like other bugbears, shall retire; and no vestige excepting that, be left, arising from the astonishment they were once terrifick.

Again: is not a somewhat of pleonasm distinguishable in the following, or similar, sentences—"to direct him *to* pursue—to persuade him *to* leave—to request her *to* relent?"—Is there a word equivalent, *in all its effects*, to *discerptible*? or will you tell me that *separable* is?—If the exemplification of these, or the like, be, as I suppose, what the Criticks have thought fit to banquet upon under the names *gross error*, *affectedness*, and the rest,—may I not, in charity, be permitted to say, with him the pattern of every charity, "Forgive them, Father, they know not what they do!"

It is contended, in another place, that, of certain words, derivatives from the French, the meanings cannot be conveyed in our language with the same force in the same compass; the clearest mode, therefore, is to anglicise such words: but I will go further, by asserting that in *every* language are *particular* words which can with difficulty, if at all, be rendered in another with precision. I will give one instance in the word *naïveté*, which I defy the scholar to furnish a definition

\* In the sense here advanced.

of, that shall be satisfactory; its meaning, nevertheless, is *felt* by every person who knows French; but even the *simplex munditiis* of Horace, assuredly the most approaching to it, is not exact.

A Critick, whose discerning mind is tolerably apparent, speaking of *Miltenberg*, has paid him a striking and just tribute of distinction; but I would candidly ask him whether, when he says that “by the introduction of *new, obsolete, or provincial* words” upon certain occasions, the *fabrick* of a language is in *danger*, if we consider that it is intended to *introduce*, only, *not to expunge*,—that *introductions* are meant to insil in a *compact* manner what is judged *deficient in force*; or, in a *more varied way*, what is deemed *vapid* through *repetition*?—Neither am I disposed to agree with him that the *whole* of the words denominated *obsolete* have become so by the studied adoptions of a purer style: numbers, I am persuaded, are indebted for that neglect to simple casualty; and, in regard to *provincials*, mindful that

“ — Sound should seem an echo to the sense,”

I doubt not, among those who have verged beyond *St. Paul's* or *Merchant Taylors'* schools, they will shift well enough for themselves.

One sentiment, to be sure, is of so depraved a complexion, that, with a Criticiser whom in several respects I apprehend to be well qualified for his task, I am amazed it could ever have found an harbour. It is the one wherein he conceives it arrogant to hazard a literary improvement without the sanction of an *high authority*

*thority* in the republick of letters. To collect the emanations from an eclipse we avail ourselves of a smoked lens; but do we use an apparatus of the same kind, with those from the meridian sun? Is Nature, then, become an huckster, fitted only to deal her wares out like ha'p'worths of gingerbread? Is truth to be inhaled alone thorough the atmosphere of an extraordinary gazette?

True it is that *Grammar* is in the mouths of many, but, according to appearances, in the brains of few\*: it would be well these literary marmosets were told that Doctor *Lowth* is the only standard of English Grammar whom Englishmen have yet recognized; and that, (with every deference to the amiable author of *Hermes*,) Doctors *Blair*, and *Oldys*, elevatedly as they have chosen to plant themselves in the chair of wisdom, deserve *horsesing*, and *the birch*.

It will be granted that the preparatory mode of proving the incapacity of another, is by instanceing a freedom from it in yourself: when a writer seriously tells you the English language *disowns*, what, *from its never having tried*, it never could have had the opportunity of *disowning*, he betrays *his own* to be the *foreign* cha-

\* *The story of the Barber's block, and the finished statue, need not, I believe, be here repeated: I am far from conceiving it indispensable that a Censurer ought, himself, to exhibit something superiour to what he censures; all I maintain is, that he should know what he's about, or that, in the phrase of the Theatrical Lawgiver, while busied in the chokeing of singing birds, he should be heedful his reverend neck receive not an unforeseen twist.* T.

rafter

racter he is willing gratuitously to alienate, and merits not an *hospitality* he has been so *industrious* to outrage.

Against the charge of *indelicacy*, (what scorn too animated, what abhorrence too consummate, for the insidious calumniator ! but happily) little need be said : no example, it is confidently affirmed, can be produced of *real* indelicacy throughout the work ; and, relatively to the *artificial*, it neither came within the scope of the Author's plan, nor asked the Translator's abscission. T.

## ENUMERATION

OF THE

## DIFFERENT PASSAGES.

P.	1 l.	3 from bottom (text) to p.	2 bottom l.
—	4 - 11	—	6 l. 11 from top
—	10 - 8	— top —	8 - 3 — bottom
—	29 top line	—	32 - 5 — top
—	34 l. 3	— top —	35 - 5 — bottom
—	56 - 8	—	56 - 13 —
—	59 - 1	—	61 - 5 —
—	62 - 9	— bottom —	62 bottom line
—	66 - 3	— top —	67 —
—	68 - 3	— bottom —	69 l. 8 from bottom
—	71 - 10	— top —	71 - 5 —
—	74 - 5	—	76 - 11 — top
—	77 - 13	— bottom —	78 bottom line
—	83 - 4	— (text) —	85 l. 3 from top
—	94 - 8	— top —	95 bottom line
—	104 top line	—	104 —
—	111	—	111 l. 9 from bottom
—	114 l. 3 from bottom	—	118 - 3 — top
—	119 - 4	— top —	119 bottom line

P. 127 - 4 from bottom (text) to p. 128 bottom line	
— 133 - 12 — top ————	133 ————
— 139 - 3 ——— bottom ————	140 l. 8 from top
— 145 - 13 ————	146 - 8 ————
— 152 - 3 ————	154 - 2 ————
— 154 - 8 ——— (text) ————	155 - 7 ————
— 156 - 5 ——— top ————	157 bottom line
— 159 - 11 ——— bottom ————	160 l. 7 from top
— 165 - 5 ——— (text) ————	166 - 10 ————
— 170 top line ————	170 - 10 ————
— 171 l. 13 ——— bottom ————	172 - 3 ————
— 173 - 14 ————	175 - 7 ————
— 177 top line ————	179 - 9 from bottom
— 181 l. 11 ——— bottom ————	182 - 14 from top
— 187 - 14 ————	187 - 6 from bottom
— 188 - 12 ————	188 bottom line
— 191 - 7 ——— top ————	192 l. 2 from top
— 194 l. 5 ——— bottom ————	201 bottom l. (text)
— 203 - 8 ——— top ————	203 l. 7 from bottom
— 204 - 9 ————	204 - 4 ————
— 206 - 11 ————	206 bottom line
— 211 - 11 ————	213 l. 3 from bottom
— 215 - 6 ——— bottom ————	216 bottom line
— 219 - 3 ——— top ————	222 l. 4 from top
— 222 - 5 ——— bottom ————	223 - 6 ————
— 223 - 7 ————	226 bottom line
— 230 - 2 ——— (text) ————	232 l. 2 from top
— 232 - 5 ————	233 - 9 ————
— 234 - 11 ——— top ————	235 bottom line
— 240 - 2 ————	240 l. 12 from top
— 240 - 8 ——— bottom ————	242 - 9 ————
— 242 - 10 ————	244 bottom line
— 245 - 7 ——— top ————	255 ————
— 256 - 7 ——— bottom ————	257 l. 13 from top
— 260 - 4 ————	262 bottom line
— 263 - 6 ——— top ————	263 ————
— 266 top line ————	268 l. 8 from top
— 268 l. 9 ——— bottom ————	269 bottom line
— 270 top line ————	270 l. 10 from top
— 271 l. 9 ——— top ————	275 - 8 ————
— 276 - 12 ——— bottom ————	279 bottom line
— 280 top line ————	283 l. 4 from bottom
— 284 l. 10 ——— top ————	285 - 10 ————
— 287 - 2 ————	288 bottom line

P. 290 top l. from bottom (text) to p. 291 l. 3 from top		
— 295 l. 6 — bottom —	— 298 - 6 —	
— 299 - 7 —	— 301 bottom line	
— 302 - 8 — top —	— 305 l. 11 from bottom	
— 306 - 3 —	— 307 - 3 —	
— 308 - 2 —	— 308 - 6 —	
— 309 - 9 — bottom —	— 310 bottom line	
— 311 top line —	— 312 l. 3 from top	
— 312 l. 9 — top —	— 312 - 6 from bottom	
— 315 - 3 — bottom (text) —	— 316 - 5 from top.	
— 316 - 11 —	— 316 bottom line	
— 317 - 11 — top —	— 320 —	
— 321 top line —	— 323 l. 6 from top	
— 325 l. 4 — bottom —	— 327 - 5 from bottom	
— 329 - 8 — (text) —	— 330 bottom line	
— 335 - 6 — top —	— 338 l. 7 from bottom	
— 339 - 4 —	— 341 bottom line	
— 342 top line —	— 343 l. 4 from bottom	
— 350 l. 9 from top —	— 350 - 3 — (text)	
— 352 - 4 —	— 352 bottom line	
— 353 - 10 — bottom —	— 355 l. 9 from top	
— 356 - 9 — top —	— 358 - 6 —	
— 358 - 10 — bottom —	— 359 - 8 from bottom	
— 360 - 6 — top —	— 361 - 9 —	
— 364 top line —	— 365 - 12 from top	
— 368 l. 6 — top —	— 368 bottom line	
— 372 top line —	— 378 l. 2 from top	
— 378 l. 6 from bottom —	— 381 - 8 —	
— 381 - 3 —	— 383 bottom line	
— 394 - 2 — (text) —	— 395 l. 5 from bottom	
— 402 - 9 — top —	— 403 bottom line	
— 404 - 3 — bottom —	— 410 l. 4 from top	
— 412 top line —	— 414 bottom line	
— 415 —	— 417 l. 5 from top	
— 418 l. 12 — top —	— 421 - 11 —	
— 423 top line —	— 423 bottom line	
— 425 l. 11 — top —	— 425 l. 3 from bottom	
— 426 - 6 —	— 427 - 15 — top	
— 428 top line —	— 428 bottom line	
— 435 l. 5 — top —	— 435 —	
— 437 - 12 — bottom —	— 438 l. 9 from top	
— 440 - 10 — top —	— 440 bottom line	
— 441 top line —	— 443 l. 3 from bottom	
— 445 l. 4 — bottom —	— 447 bottom line.	

\* \* \* *LEST, by those in whose unsolicited hostility the motives of this defence are to be traced, it should be surmised, that, "dubious if any but one could be found to undertake the selection here presented, "I had, kindly, imposed that trouble upon myself," I request to be beforehand with them in the remark, and to bid them*

### A FAREWELL.

UPON my return to my native country, after an absence in which pursuits commercial and literary may be said to have participated, I was informed that a translation from *St. Pierre* had been lately published there, containing a story allied in most respects to the little digressive one of the *Paria* in my own volume, and which, upon inspection, I found had been the case.

I am not, as yet, qualified to ascertain on whom the plagiarism is really chargeable, but it is in no great degree material, for, admitting it to be my author's, I am of opinion his fame, in place of suffering diminution, will receive a no inferior portion of aggrandizement.

Far be it from me to commit a trespass upon the studies of any man, particularly on those of a writer whose *Paul et Virginie* I had, myself, translated, some years ago, while in Paris; but, finding, on my arrival at home, the translation to have been anticipated, I resigned it to the shelf, and to the cobwebs.

To those, however, who are desirous of observing in what manner sentiments and language may be improved, weakened, or diversified, it may be necessary to say

say that the *Indian Cottage*\* is the book I mean, and its pages 44 to 111 those referred to. I embrace with pleasure an enterprize so favourably put within my power of giving what, I hope, after the insulting treatment my own production has, here and there, met with, may be considered a trifling retaliation only, the death-blow to *such* folly, and to *such* insanity. T.

\* Printed for Messrs. Verner and Hood, 1799.



☞ To the list of *Errata* in the Translation, the reader is requested to add the following:

P. 382. l. 8. *from top, for know, lege knew.*

